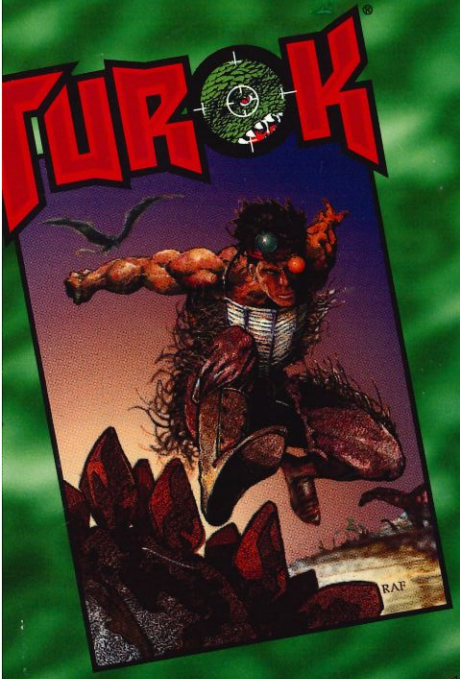
ALSO FEATURING:



Troublemakers™

acclaim
young readers

$4.50 US/6.50 CAN

ISBN 1-57840-086-4
00086
UPC
S
7 16892 00450 6

ACCLAIM ADVENTURE ZONE

NINJAK: THE BOSS

ACCLAIM BOOKS

ADVENTURE ZONE

ACCLAIM COMICS

ninjak®

# THE BOSS

## AND OTHER STORIES

# ALSO INSIDE
# THE ADVENTURE ZONE


**TUROK** — **WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY...**
WRITER: FABIAN NICIEZA
PENCILER: KEVIN WEST
INKER: CHARLES YOAKUM
PG.23

**TROUBLEMAKERS™** — **HISTORY, HERSTORY— WHOSE STORY IS IT?**
WRITER: FABIAN NICIEZA
PENCILER: JAMES FRY
INKER: RODNEY RAMOS
PG.35

**THE GREATEST TEAM THERE NEVER WAS MEGASTAR™** — **SECRETS**
WRITER: DAN SLOTT
PENCILER: PAUL PELLETIER
INKER: LARRY MAHLSTEDT
PG.38

**THE BAD EGGS®** — **NO PLACE LIKE HOME PT.2**
WRITER: BOB LAYTON
PENCILER: DON PERLIN
INKER: GONZALO MAYO
PG.56



ACCLAIM BOOKS
275 SEVENTH AVE 14TH FL
NEW YORK, NY 10001
212 366 4900

LETTERER
KENN BELL & GRAPHIC PLANET

COLORISTS
TWILIGHT GRAPHICS

EDITOR
LYNAIRE THOMPSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
OMAR BANMALLY

AYR GROUP EDITOR
EVAN SKOLNICK

PRESIDENT/PUBLISHER
FABIAN NICIEZA

DIRECTOR OF BUSINESS AFFAIRS
HAYLEY EDEN

AYR MARKETING DIRECTOR/
PRODUCT MANAGER
STACY LOWE

CIRCULATION MANAGER
LEE HANSEN

MARKETING COORDINATORS
SCOTT MARTIN
STEPHEN VRATTOS

PRODUCTION MANAGER/
DESIGN DIRECTOR
SCOTT FRIEDLANDER

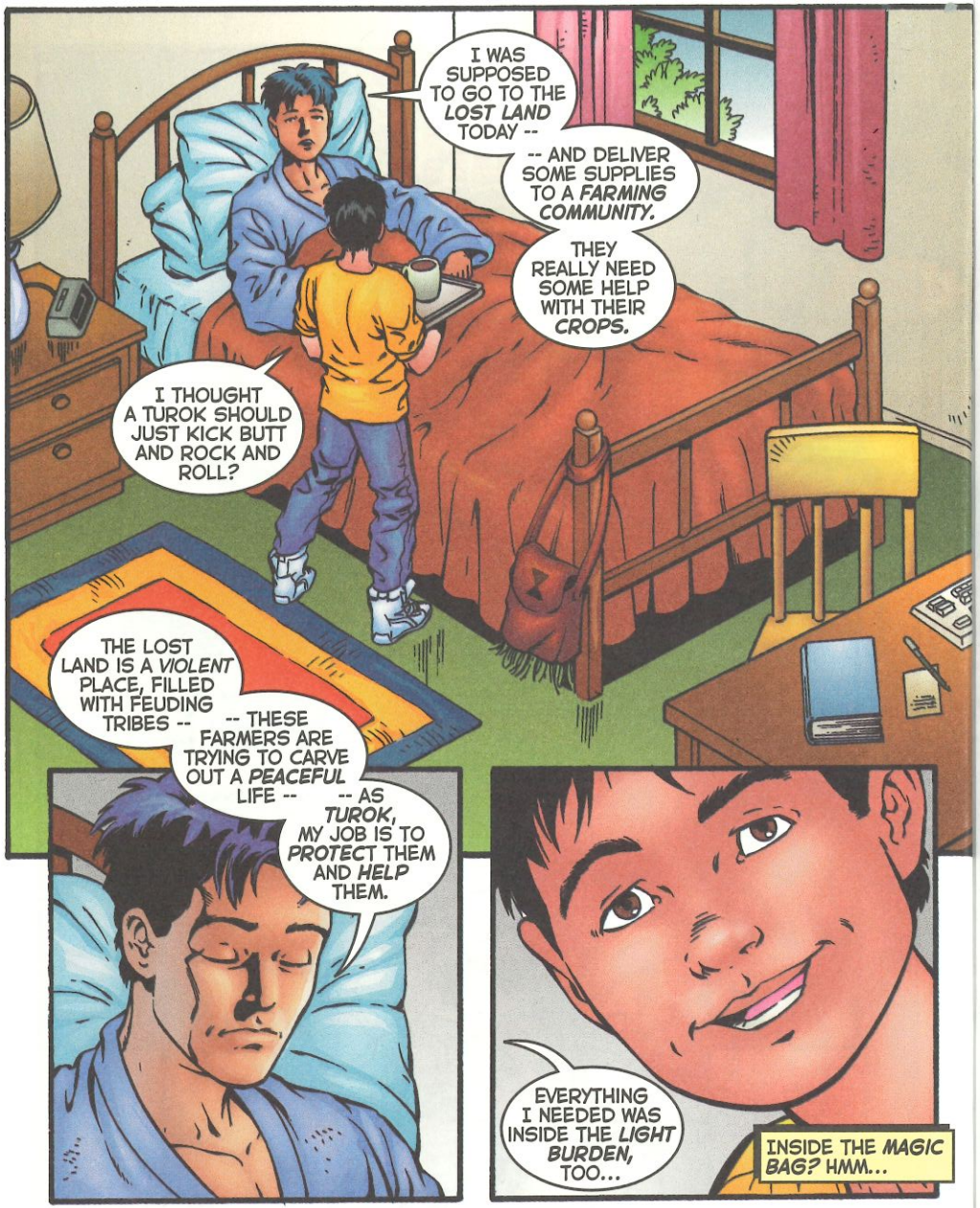
OPERATIONS MANAGER
JAMES PERHAM

SENIOR GRAPHIC DESIGNER
JOE CAPONSACCO

GRAPHIC DESIGNERS
GINA DISKIN
RAY LEUNG
JADE MOEDE

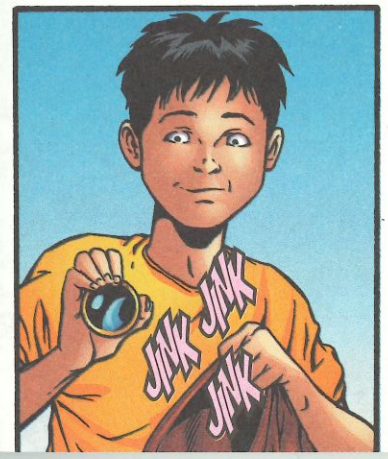
ayr
acclaim
young readers

THE JAKASHAWAH HOME IN THE SAQUIN VILLAGE OUTSIDE OF OKLAHOMA CITY...
ACHOO!!
...WHERE WE LEARN THAT EVEN A
TUROK
CAN GET THE FLU!
UNCLE JOSH -- MOM SAID TO TAKE SOME MEDICINE.
THANKS, CLAY. MY BIG SISTER ACTS LIKE MY MOTHER, SOMETIMES!
YOU SOUND BUMMED.

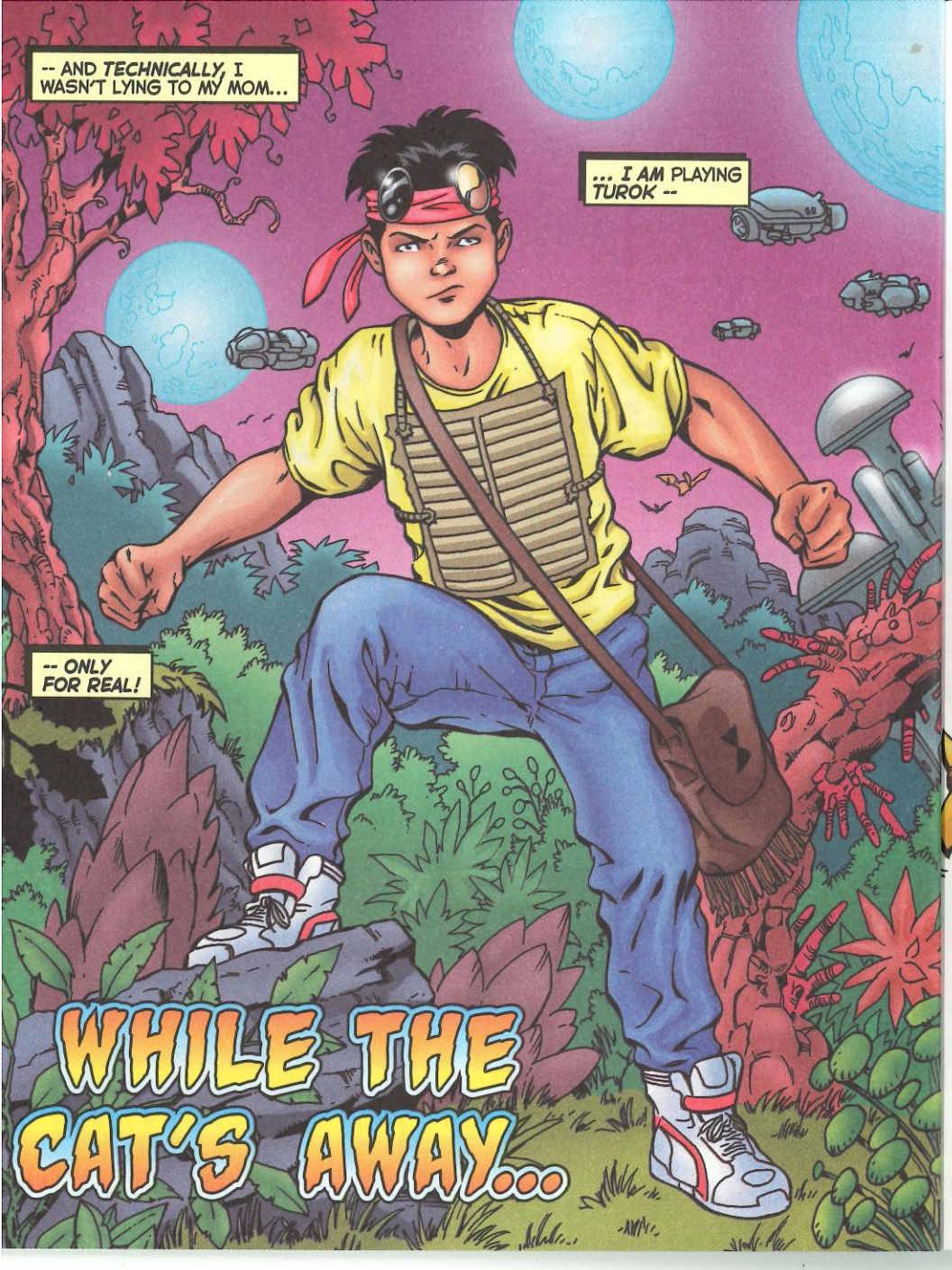

I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO TO THE LOST LAND TODAY --
-- AND DELIVER SOME SUPPLIES TO A FARMING COMMUNITY.
THEY REALLY NEED SOME HELP WITH THEIR CROPS.
I THOUGHT A TUROK SHOULD JUST KICK BUTT AND ROCK AND ROLL?
THE LOST LAND IS A VIOLENT PLACE, FILLED WITH FEUDING TRIBES --
-- THESE FARMERS ARE TRYING TO CARVE OUT A PEACEFUL LIFE --
-- AS TUROK, MY JOB IS TO PROTECT THEM AND HELP THEM.
EVERYTHING I NEEDED WAS INSIDE THE LIGHT BURDEN, TOO...
INSIDE THE MAGIC BAG? HMM...

... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...
HE FELL ASLEEP, MOM.
GOOD. THANKS FOR HELPING.
WHERE'RE YOU GOING NOW?
OUTSIDE... UHM...

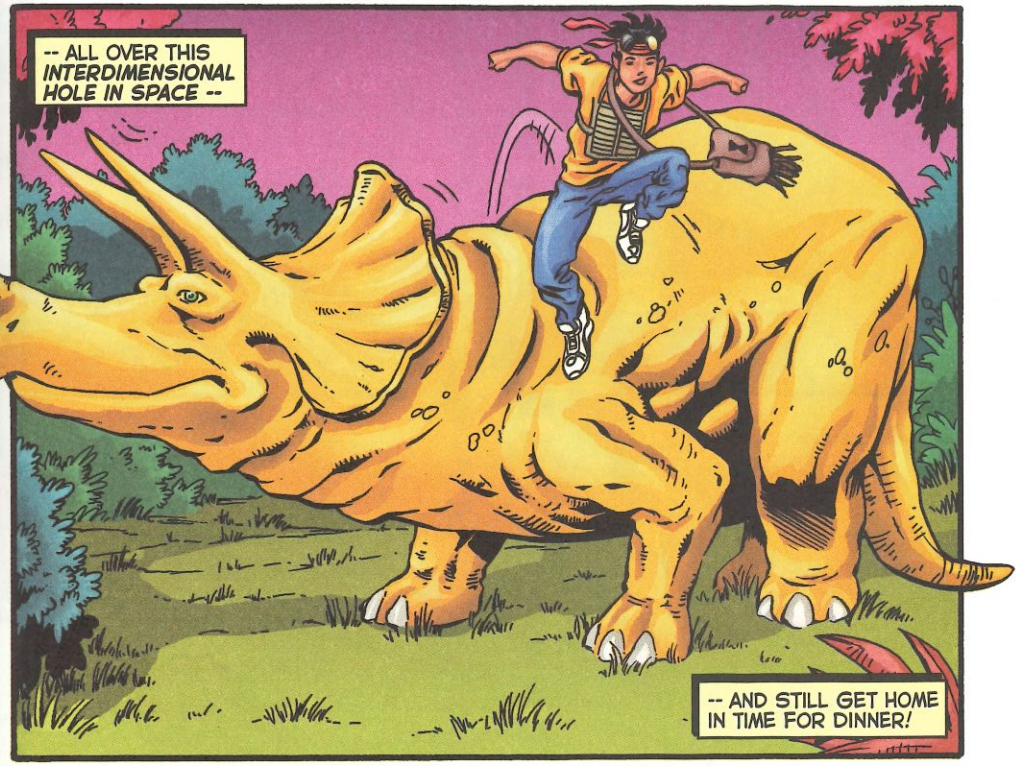
... TO PLAY TUROK.
DON'T BE LATE FOR DINNER.


JINK
JINK
JINK

THE LIGHT BURDEN IS LIKE A CLOSET INTO FOREVER!
I REACH INSIDE AND TAKE OUT THE FOLDING EYE.
IT OPENS UP A DOORWAY TO THE LOST LAND --


-- AND TECHNICALLY, I WASN'T LYING TO MY MOM...
... I AM PLAYING TUROK --
-- ONLY FOR REAL!
WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY...

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND THIS FARM PLACE --
--MAKE SURE I AVOID ALL THE ALIENS, T-REXES, CAVEMEN AND DINO DUNG --


-- ALL OVER THIS INTERDIMENSIONAL HOLE IN SPACE --
-- AND STILL GET HOME IN TIME FOR DINNER!

MAN. IT'S ALWAYS SO COOL TO COME HERE!
UNCLE JOSH HAS THE LIFE!
EXCITEMENT! ADVENTURE!
THRUSH
DANGER -- ?
SOMETHING MOVING NEARBY!
I BETTER REACH INSIDE AND PULL OUT --
JINK JINK JINK
-- SOME KIND OF WEAPON?!
A WATERGUN?

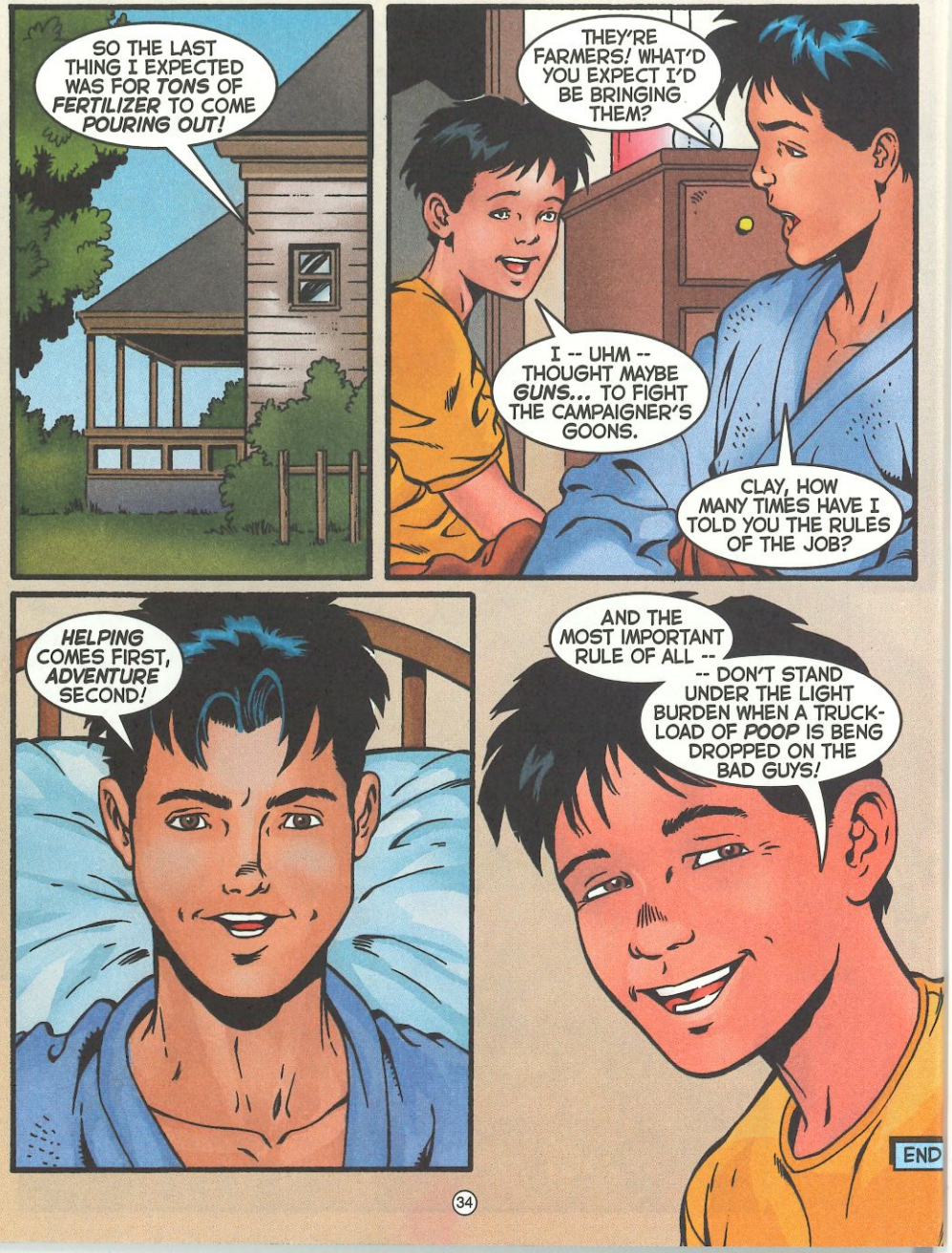
THRUMM THRUMM
UHM -- DON'T MAKE ANOTHER MOVE!
THRUMM
THAT WON'T BE OF MUCH USE AGAINST ME, LITTLE ONE.
UP HERE.
A BIONOSAUR?!
SOME OF THE REGULAR DINOSAURS IN THE LOST LAND HAVE MECHANICAL PARTS PUT ON THEM --
-- AND THEY'RE SMART AND EVERYTHING.

MY NAME IS BOK. AND LUCKY FOR YOU --
-- I'M A PLANT-EATER, SO PUT YOUR GUN AWAY.
NOT EVERY CREATURE IN THE LOST LAND IS OUT FOR BLOOD.
I KNOW -- IN FACT, I'M HERE TO HELP SOME FARMERS.
I'M CLAY JAKASHAWAH -- FROM EARTH -- UHM -- AND I'M TUROK!
AND -- UHM -- BY ANY CHANCE, COULD YOU HELP POINT ME IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION?

I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.
THIS IS GREAT!!
HOP ABOARD AND I'LL TAKE YOU.
A LONG RIDE AND LOTS OF SADDLE SORES LATER...
WHAT IS THAT?
A FIRE!
THOSE ARE THE CAMPAIGNER'S RAIDERS!
I CAN'T TAKE THEM ON BY MYSELF!
BUT I CAN'T JUST LET THEM BURN THE VILLAGE DOWN, EITHER!

HEY, UNCLE JOSH SAID HE'D RIGGED THE BAG SO THAT THE SUPPLIES WOULD COME OUT.
I BET HE WAS BRINGING *WEAPONS* TO FIGHT THE RAIDERS!
BUT HOW DO WE GET THEM INTO THEIR HANDS?
LIKE THIS!
THE LIGHT BURDEN'S FLAP OPENED UP --
-- I HEARD THE WIND WHISTLE --

-- FIREWORKS STARTED, AND THEN...
FWRRRRSHPPP
MANURE?!!


SO THE LAST THING I EXPECTED WAS FOR *TONS* OF *FERTILIZER* TO COME *POURING OUT!*
THEY'RE FARMERS! WHAT'D YOU EXPECT I'D BE BRINGING THEM?
I -- UHM -- THOUGHT MAYBE *GUNS...* TO FIGHT THE CAMPAIGNER'S GOONS.
CLAY, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU THE RULES OF THE JOB?
*HELPING* COMES FIRST, *ADVENTURE* SECOND!
AND THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE OF ALL --
-- DON'T STAND UNDER THE LIGHT BURDEN WHEN A TRUCK-LOAD OF *POOP* IS BENG DROPPED ON THE BAD GUYS!
END